

Sam's Story

What I am about to tell you is unique. Why? It is because each one of us is different. Different in the way we live, different in our loves, our habits, our desires. My story will not be the same as yours. You might find aspects of what I tell you fascinating; there may be parts to which you can relate. Equally, parts of my story may bore you, and you will want to skip over them. Whatever your choice, I hope you can identify in something with me, understand what made me tick, and how I overcame what was the deepest depression, the highest hurdle, the widest gulf in my life. Interested?



I am almost 54. Fifty years ago, I can remember going into the large walk-in cupboard under our stairs, in our old stone cottage in Wandsworth, and looking through the rag box. This was where my mum and dad put all the old clothes. They had many uses. Some were for cleaning dad's paintbrushes, and others for cleaning the motorbike and sidecar, and other household jobs. Mum's stockings were always used for filtering the

paint, as in those days, paint was lumpy and had to be sieved before it could be used. I liked the rag box. There were so many different things in there, and in the early nineteen fifties, as not many toys were available, I used to dress up and play games. I was an only child, and life was lonely. Mum often worked up town, and my dad was always out. I had to find things to amuse myself.

Something drew me closer to my mother's old clothes than my Dad's. Dad was a tough electrician. He was big, brawny and his clothes were the coarse type, suitable for his work. Mum's were finer, softer and had just the right feel about them. There was a long black slip, I used to wear around the house, and I can remember my mother telling me to take it off, as boys do not wear those things. I obeyed, but there was something that made me want to go back again and again, and put it on. I found myself dressing up in her clothes at every available opportunity. I was told not to dress up any more, so I had to resort to secrecy. When my parents were out (they were out quite a lot), I would go to the rag box, and wear anything I could of my mother's. I loved to parade around the house, and just enjoyed every moment. I had no idea why I wanted to do this; it was just the wonderful enjoyment of dressing up.

As the years went by, I progressed to going into their bedroom, and putting her clothes on whenever I had the opportunity. I made sure my parents were out, and checked that they had really gone (by looking out of the upstairs window), I would experience a wonderful tingle all over my body and was drawn to her wardrobe and drawers. Everything was too big for me (although she was tall, she was only about a size 12), and I treated myself to wearing just about everything I could. It was my little secret, and I made sure everything was folded neatly and back in place before they came home.

I loved the excitement. I hated the thought of being caught, but wanted to make sure I could be dressed up until almost the last moment. There were many times when I was almost caught, and my heart would almost fail, especially if I heard the key turn in the door downstairs and I was dressed up. On one occasion, I had to jump into bed fully clothed, as they quickly came upstairs. The panic and fear were unbearable. What would my father say, if he could see his son dressed as a girl? He was huge, with muscles to match, and would not understand. I didn't understand it myself, so I had no explanation to offer him. Another close call was when my parents came home early one night, and my mother came into my room and sat on my bed. She asked me why I was looking in her drawers in her bedroom, and of course I denied it. She said it was unhealthy, and must stop. She knew I had been there, because she is the most fastidious of women, and all her underwear and clothes were laid out perfectly, and so I must have put something back incorrectly. I made sure I was more careful in the following months.

As I grew into teenage years, the impulse never left me. I was even brave enough to tell a friend, and he wanted to see me dressed up. We arranged a time, and he came round to see me. The trouble with boys entering puberty is that they become hairy, their voices deepen, and shaving becomes a necessity. I hated all these. I did not want to shave my hairy body, so I just left it hairy; the thrill of just wearing female clothes was reward enough. My friend came round and we pretended to be boy and girlfriend, no kissing or anything like that, just talking and sitting. I asked him if he would lie on top of me, and he did, and that was all we did. That alone was enough to satisfy me.

I knew I was not homosexual, as I only liked boys when I was dressed as a girl. During school, I was one of the lads, and often in trouble. Eventually, some years later I was expelled during my Upper Sixth Year, and looking back, I think it was because I was often 'over the top' to prove to everyone how much of a lad I was. Inside I knew differently. One of my father's business colleagues had died of cancer, and before he died had asked my father to look after his shop. It was a big rambling place full of electronic bits and pieces and millions of radio valves (remember this was the 60's), and I often used to go there on my own to make sure the place was secure. I bought some clothes, mainly underwear, and some stilettos, and a dress, and I hid them in the shop. I longed for the times when I could go down on my push bike, and check the shop over for my father. I would dress up, and walk around, click clacking in my heels, loving the sound. One day, on turning the corner into the main road, to visit the shop, I saw that the demolition men were in and had begun to knock the buildings down. I was totally crestfallen, my secret world was being demolished, and I felt like crying. I loved the clothes I had saved for and bought, they meant the world to me, and now they were gone forever, and I had to start again. Where could I go to experience the freedom and the pleasure?

Over the following years, the deepening desire never left me. The subject, like homosexuality was taboo, and never discussed. In the boys' changing room, 'homo's' were ridiculed and despised and I joined in. Gangs of queer bashers' were organised, and many of us used to crawl around the Common looking for them, ready to do them great harm. This gained me acceptability. I even joined a Karate class, and took up weightlifting, I think, to help convince others, and also to convince me in some way, as I thought that I was a little freaky and unusual. It wasn't easy going out with my mates, and if we passed a dress shop or a woman's clothes store, my eyes were drawn to the windows, and I wanted to linger and dream. It was a constant fight to keep my secret safe. I liked girls, and wanted to be with them, but having been brought up a boy, and having no sisters, I was unsure what to say and do. Early dates were a bit of a disaster. I tried to be macho, but I guess my feminine side came out too much, and I was neither rough nor tough enough for my early girlfriends. I preferred to go out with my close mates, as I felt comfortable with them, and I did not have to playact too much. One particular friend was always looking for deeper mischief, and we got into a lot of trouble. We both had a liking for practical jokes, and it was this that got me expelled. I was in the top two streams at school, and my prospects were good. I wanted to go to University, and work for the British Museum as a palaeontologist (the study of fossils). However, one day I sent the whole of the second year to the Headmaster (120 boys); he had had enough of my many pranks, and I was asked to leave. I joined a financial business in the city of London, and realised I was an adult. I could no longer dress as a girl, but wanted to become a woman.

I lived at home, and could not keep any female clothes there, as my parents would have gone berserk, and would not have understood. I used to buy things and keep them in the car, or hide them in places only known to me. There was nothing sexual about my cross-dressing. It was just a natural outcome, I thought, of the real me. My mum had wanted a girl, but a boy was born. She wanted to call me Samantha, so I became Sam. The doctor told her that I would be a girl, so she believed him, and knitted me pink clothes, and the nursery was pink. I think I was a disappointment to her, but she would never admit it. I often wonder if she willed me to be a girl. Does that make any difference?

Time passed. I had met a wonderful girl, who liked my humour, and my good looks (in those days!), and although I told her a little of my secret self, she thought it was a phase, and I would grow out of it. The continent of Asia, had always held a fascination for me, and I decided to go to South Korea. She was distraught, but my mind was made up. I left in Jan 1970, and flew to Seoul. I had not reckoned on the enormous weight of loneliness, although the freedom was wonderful. I got a job in a Bank in town, and a nice flat. There was no stopping me acting out my secret life now. I could buy what I wanted and dress up whenever I could. I became braver and ventured out as far as I dared, and wandered around, mostly at night, and with a scarf over my head, as I did not have a wig. I made lots of friends at work, but kept my secret to myself, and did not disclose it to anyone. I spent eighteen months in Korea and decided I wanted to see the UK again, so I returned by boat, which took a long time, and shared a cabin with three tough Australians, so I had no chance to put on my favourite clothes! These were very tough men, and I had to be likewise!

Back in the UK, I got a job, and settled down. I married the girl I had left behind, and my desires subsided for a while, although my mind was always active, and I thought almost entirely in the feminine, and when I dreamt it was always in a female role.

There were so many questions I kept asking myself. I realised I was not 'normal', but then again, I knew that other people, male and female, must have their own secrets and that most people had their own little fantasy worlds. With me, it was different, as I wanted to live out my fantasy. Each day I was faced with coping with my internal emotions, the pull of feminine desires, whilst trying to live a stable life at home and

at work. This constant battle inside was draining, however over the years, I simply coped with it. Another thing that was difficult for me was the fact that women were all around me, in the train, in the street, in shops, everywhere. I would look at them, and be critical or appreciative of the way they dressed.

Little things used to trigger me. Beautifully shaped nails, open toed shoes, with stockings/tights showing, colour co-ordination and beautiful hair. I had testosterone buzzing around my body, and I had started slowly losing my hair. When I saw women with beautiful hair, I was hurt and jealous at the same time. It seemed so unfair. Women could look so lovely, so glamorous, and just enjoy being female, and I could not. It was no surprise to me that if I asked a woman if she would want to 'come-back' as a woman or a man, almost all said as a woman. Some said they would like to be a bloke for a day or two, but preferred being female. With men, it was often 25% who said they would like to try being female. I suspect there would be more, but the male stigma about anything feminine in their lives and minds would preclude them from saying so. It was just so hard being surrounded by feminine things each and every day, and all these signals homed in on me.

We had three lovely children. Two boys and a girl. The two boys I could cope with, teaching them soccer in the garden, playing games, and doing things that boys enjoyed, adventure games, and getting dirty whenever possible. I understood all this from my childhood. When our daughter was born, I panicked, as I had little idea of how to bring a girl up, and what to do with her. My wife, as a nurse, was brilliant and taught me a lot. Our daughter was a joy to us, and I loved buying her dolls and treating her, although we tried not to spoil her as she was the first girl on my side of the family for many years! I was fearful that as she grew older and turned into woman hood, that I would not cope seeing her grow into a beautiful person (and she is!), with my own desires of wanting to be female inside me. I did not want to hurt anyone, and hoped, quietly, that my desires would fade away one day, as I grew older and hopefully wiser.

I had started my own business some time ago. It was international, and I had the opportunity to travel more. At first I simply enjoyed the travelling, and seeing new places and experiencing new sights and sounds. Then, when I was 51, and my travelling overseas increased, I had a greater desire to dress up. I had resisted for a long time, and the battle was hard and lonely. Then one day overseas whilst walking along one of the market roads, I saw a lovely green local dress. Before I knew what I was doing I had bought it. I rushed back to my room and tried it on. It was like an avalanche had hit me, and I had to buy other feminine things. I went out and bought several other things, mainly clothes and accessories. I stayed in my room for ages, dressed up and looking at myself in the mirror. It was if my true self had come out at last. This was me; I wanted to be like this all the time.

Over the next year, as I travelled more and more, I took a whole new wardrobe of clothes and accessories with me. I dressed up in my hotel rooms. I bought special make up to hide my bluebeard from a TV shop in London, and I had an expensive and beautiful wig. I loved selecting the make up, and spending time deciding what to wear, and getting it all to match or co-ordinate. I would walk around the hotels dressed up, and thought I would blend in. I did not get any quizzical looks and that encouraged me. Back home I had started going to a beauty salon and was waxed from top to toe, The salon therapists accepted it, as society had become very liberal in its thinking and gays and TV's were openly accepted into society, and they had rights all of a sudden. I even went to the TV shop in London for make up lessons, and I would wear nice casual women's clothes there. I went up on the train, and remember proudly showing off my gold ankle bracelet. I had gone so far. So far, I could not go back, I was mesmerised and easily convinced myself that I was really female, and looked the part. Acceptability in public places meant everything to me. I was trapped inside this awful body of mine, and the woman inside was screaming to get out. I ached.

My family had seen the change. My wife hated what I had become and what I was doing. I became more adventurous. I was in my own world, and the woman inside controlled my life and my thinking. I wanted to go to TV/gay clubs to mix with others like me, so we could talk and understand each other. I needed like company. My family did not understand me; they could not realise that the person within, was the real one, why couldn't they see that? Why didn't they understand? It was so simple. The real me was about to emerge in a new role. I was planning to move out to a flat, where I could live out my new life. They were holding me back, I even contacted someone on the web who was a TV, and I needed this new type of company. Sympathy and understanding was needed. The break away from this male lifestyle was just within my grasp. Plans were laid, and I would soon be the real person I was inside and hopefully also outside. I couldn't wait.

Before I tell you what happened next, I have to take you back to 1975. We were married in 1974, and I had lived overseas for 18 months from 1970. England was going through a difficult period and the 3-day week was on, miners and others were on strike, the unions held the country to ransom, and things looked bleak. I

persuaded my young bride to emigrate with me. I told her all about the wonderful lifestyle, the sunshine and the utopian opportunities. We left the UK in 1975.

An old school friend and his wife met us, and they put us up. I had known him for years at school, but we were not close. We got on like a house on fire together now, and the four of us enjoyed each others company. Then things for my wife and me went wrong. We lost our savings in trying to buy a house. Our jobs were not what we expected. My wife was pregnant with an unplanned child. Disaster after disaster overtook us. We did not know what to do or how to cope. My friend had spoken before to me of Christian things, and I ridiculed him. He tried to get us to his church, but I told him I wanted to improve our lives not make them worse. As our lives tumbled, and we were cast very low, he asked us again to go to his church and very reluctantly, we agreed to go. His church was one of the first in Africa where blacks, coloured, and white folk could meet and mix. Usually they were segregated. The preacher spoke of a loving Saviour, someone who could help in the direst of circumstances, a friend forever. Someone who could forgive all the things we had done wrong and change us. It was if he was speaking just to me. I wondered if he had been planted, just to talk to me. But, as the weeks went by, I became fascinated, and wanted to hear more. Yes, I needed some relief from my present circumstances, but this man was talking about now and eternity. What was on offer from the Bible and this man Jesus Christ was incredible, and I wondered why I had not heard this before. After all I had been to church before and attended Sunday School (until I was thrown out!), so why now, why this time, why, why?

One Saturday evening, a special service was being held in town. It was called an evangelistic service and a theatre was hired as the church had grown so popular and had outgrown its building. My wife, two friends and I went along. That night the message was powerful and hit me hard. I heard of my need to turn away from all the wrong in my life, that Jesus Christ was waiting for me, ME!, to give myself to Him and that I had to repent of all my wrongdoing and to have a permanent loving relationship with the very Son of God. It was free, and for me. A call was given by the preacher and people were invited to walk down the long aisle, and kneel at the front for prayer and a life change. The place was packed, the atmosphere was intense, there was something in that place which I could not understand, but if this was God working, then who was I to turn Him down. My body trembled, I shook, and I remember mumbling the words to my wife, I have to go down, are, are you coming? She said no, and before I knew what was happening, I had turned and was walking down the sloping aisle to the front. A man smiled at me and invited me to kneel. He prayed over me and for me. I said AMEN, as I had never meant it before. I knew that something had happened in me. I felt a change, it was not just the emotion, nor the tears, it was a freedom, a feeling, and a flush of newness. Still shaking, I went back up the aisle, and joined my wife and friends.

They hugged me, and it was one of the greatest moments of my life. Within three weeks, my wife had seen such a change in me, she too, wanted to give herself to Christ, and she did this in the new church building. It was one of the greatest moments in our life together. Within a month, we had boarded a ship bound for England. We had lost everything we had taken out with us, but had gained our Salvation.

I can sense you thinking, well, if he became a Christian, and it was a life-changing experience, why did these feelings continue? All I can tell you is that if it had not for the fact that I had become a Christian, my desires would have taken over earlier, and I would have destroyed my life and marriage. There is no doubt in my mind, that I would have been divorced, lost all I held dear, in terms of my family, and would have been a lonely, desperate person. Christ held me together.

But, even as a Christian, having been a Deacon in the Church, Youth Leader, and a committed member involved with many events in the church, the devil was not far from my shoulder. He knew my Achilles heel. He knew when to attack. Why then did I succumb and buy that dress overseas? What compelled me? It was moment of weakness. The devil seized his opportunity, and I gave in. He wanted to see me fulfil those suppressed desires over the last fifty years, it all came out so quickly, just like a tidal wave, one moment-nothing, the next, a huge, mountainous flood, of pent up emotions, desires, uncontrollable emotions; the girl within, suppressed over all these years, was being born, the turmoil inside bubbled over and life became a roller-coaster.

The family were obviously concerned. They could see the changes. I had lost weight, my eyebrows were shaped, I was hairless, the tablets I was taking had produced mini-boobs and my nails were shaped and manicured, as well as other things. My wife hated it. My macho son, a tough site worker, spoke to me, with tears in his eyes, hating what I had become, and desperate to help me. My daughter loved the old me, not this new creature. It all came to a head over a few days. My wife had spoken to my Pastor (a good friend, who knew my history), and he came round. He spoke common sense to me; he laid on the line, what I was doing to the family, what the consequences would be. All I could think about was, me, me, and me. Why did

they not understand? As I spoke to him and the family in our living room, I laughed. It was not a normal laugh. It was eerie. I felt coldness come over me, I knew what it was, and afterwards they told me they heard the devil in that laugh. He had taken me over, I was addicted to my obsession, I was blind to the truth and consequences, it was me, me and me. I knew that I had to make a massive decision, either to give in to the girl within, or lose everything I had worked so hard for all these years; the battle raged and raged. I was worn out, I could not control the fight, and things greater than me were at work. Forces deeper and darker and lighter were raging back and forth over the battleground, which was my whole being, body, mind and soul.

Over the next few days, I had to face reality. My loving wife of nearly 30 years was prepared to push me out of the family home; I had to choose between her, the family and my deep desires. The surge of emotions rocked me back and forth. Something had to be done, but what? Was I brave enough to change, was it worth it, what about the hidden woman within? I loved my wife and my children, and had given them everything I could. We were very close, and they meant everything to me, but so did SHE. The ache in my body and mind grew. My business was suffering, I had brought misery to those I loved, and the only happiness I had was knowing that the female within me, wanted release.

I had to do something, and quickly. I had only a day or so, before I had to move out, as the family could not take the huge strain any more. It was affecting their lives, in ways, I could not see nor understand. I was so self obsessed, that nothing else mattered. I called my Pastor and asked to visit him in his study. My wife and daughter came too. I told him, I had made a decision. I was ready to deny myself, and my desires, and to repent, to give back to a generous and loving God all my sin and thoughts, and to turn away from all that was holding so tightly onto me. The Pastor gave me a very hard time. He wanted reassurance that I was not just playing for time, that I was honest, and willing. He said he would not pray with me there and then, until I had really made up my mind to change. I thought and thought. The battle raged within, fighting was taking place in my mind, things not understood were raging back and forth, I wanted to get right with God, I wanted my family back, I wanted a fresh start, but could I let HER go? I was shot to pieces, and I said, loudly; 'yes, I want to change, I must do it now, please pray for me, lay hands on me, help me now. It's now or never'. He could see that I was possessed of this thing, which only now, I realise was demonic. I knelt on the study floor, in tears, I was choking, forces were telling not to do it, to walk out; freedom as a woman awaited me, after all, I had made such progress. I fought back, I cried aloud, I repented, I rebuked what had gone on in my life. The room swayed, the battle raged fiercely, then, when he laid hands on me, I felt a release, a change. I shuddered, my wife and daughter were in tears, and I urged the forces that were driving me to leave and for Christ to reign again, fully, and forever. I cannot remember all that happened. Who does in a battle situation? I remember the Pastor anointing me with oil, and it running down my head, and onto my clothes. The prayers subsided. I was a wreck.

My story is almost at an end. All this happened 18 months ago. I left the study, and although my wife and daughter were sceptical (as they had seen the deceit in me before), I knew I was changed. Never again could I expect the trust from them that I had enjoyed before, and I have had to live with that. I gave them my suitcases of dresses, clothes, make up etc. It made them feel sick, and it was a major thing for me to do. I had to get rid of all that had held me before. They disposed of the stuff. I stopped having manicures, and cut my nails short, I grew a small beard. I threw all the tablets away, and turned away from anything that had to do with my

desires. I asked my Pastor for a verse that I could look at every day and enjoy my new freedom as a man, a father and a husband. I put a piece of paper next to my bed, with encouraging verses, which I read every morning when I got out of bed. I knew that the woman inside was dead. The power of Christ had destroyed her, and all she stood for. Eighteen months on, the devil still tries to persuade me, but he knows that I will not go down that path, as the consequences for my family would be immense. I am accountable to several people, and I am enjoying my manhood. The consequences of sin are terrible. It almost destroyed my family, and their individual lives, my business, some of my church family, my friends, and me. My personal goals would have wrecked untold number of lives. I was blind to it. How I praise and thank God for His kindness and patience with me. He has brought me back, and I am so grateful. Life has meaning, and is colourful again. My family flourish, and things are perfect all around me. I am very fortunate.

Have you had a similar experience? Did your story turn out differently to mine? I am a success because those who loved me stood by me. Those who counselled me cared and pointed me to a solution. My Father God, wanted me to get right with Him. But all in all, I had to be willing to change, and that was the hardest bit. But, once I had decided, and the battle was fought and won, nothing compared to the freedom and release from the devils grip, and the wonderful reality of enjoying life, and family again.

Thank you for reading this very long story. It is my story, and very special to me. I hope it may help you too. There is always hope. If you are a Christian and have stumbled, God wants you back; relationships can be mended, the clock cannot be turned back, but you can turn back. You are the key.

'Your old sinful nature. if you keep on following it, you are lost and will perish, but if through the power of the Holy Spirit you crush it, and its evil deeds, YOU SHALL LIVE.' (Romans 8:12-13)

The choice is yours. I'd encourage you to turn round, and fight hard, and YOU SHALL LIVE.

Sam